MOTHER EARTH

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AEOLIAN HALL, 34 W. 43d Street

Friday Evening, January 15, at 8:30 o'clock

JOINT RECITAL

HOCHSTEIN - EBELL

David Hochstein, the American Violinist, makes his first public appearance before a New York audience at a joint recital with Hans Ebell. Mr. Hochstein began his musical education in this country under the guidance of Alois Trnka. Later he studied at the famous Meisterschule in Vienna, under Sevcik, where he won a free scholarship, and graduated with the highest honors, winning the first prize of one thousand crowns, and the Austrian State Diploma. After a series of successful concerts in Austria, Hochstein coached with Leopold Auer in Petrograd and Dresden, and played in Vienna, Dresden, London, Petrograd and other European cities, where the critics unanimously proclaimed him one of the great violinists of his time.

Hans Ebell, the noted Russian Pianist, makes his New York debut at a joint recital with David Hochstein, the Violinist. Ebell has played in every large city in Europe, achieving an enviable position as one of the foremost pianists of his day.

Ebell, until the declaration of war, was living in Vienna, wherefrom he used to make numerous concert tours, principally to Russia and England, being at the same time the director of the piano department of the Cracow Conservatory. Being a Russian subject, he was unable to return to Austria; moreover, he expected to be called to his country's colors. His government, however, exempted him from military service, and he is taking this opportunity to play before American audiences.

Management: Music League of America

Tickets, $2, $1 and 50 cents. Now on sale at Box Office, Aeolian Hall, and office of Music League of America, Aeolian Building, 33 W. 42d Street—telephone Bryant 1746; also to be had at Mother Earth office.

MOTHER EARTH

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OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THAT such a thing as lese majesté should exist in a Republic will no doubt surprise many people. But it is true nevertheless as manifested by the case of Henrietta Rodman, a high school teacher in New York City.

Unlike many of her colleagues, Henrietta Rodman has ideas of her own, and when the Board of Education in its medieval state began to crusade against mother teachers, Henrietta protested in a very clever and spirited article designating the members of the Board of Educations as "mother baiters."

For this heinous offense upon the dignity and infallibility of the Board of Education, Miss Rodman was punished befitting the crime. Medieval as the Board of Education is, its revenge was "modern and progressive" enough. It was an economic revenge in as much as Henrietta Rodman was suspended from her position for a year without pay, which means á loss of $1,800 to her.

This outrageous decision proves conclusively how little the Board of Education believes in the right of free speech or press for its teachers. The latter simply must submit or pay the price. Yet it is being reiterated by the press that the mission of teachers is to educate the child as a free born independent citizen. How can slaves rear free men?

It were desirable that those of the teaching profession who still have a sense of justice left should follow

the example of Henrietta Rodman and begin a campaign to expose the ridiculous notions of the infallibility of the Board of Education.

* * *

LAST year all of Europe and America was aroused over the Beilis case. It was believed that such black superstition, such barbarity which conspired against Beilis was possible only in Russia. How many Europeans and even Americans know that a similar outrage has been perpetrated in Atlanta, Georgia, in the Frank case?

True, the ritual murder charge was not raised against Frank, though superstition will have it that since the Jewish religion forbids the outrage of Jewish women, Frank killed Mary Phagan for that purpose. But aside of the ritual spook, the Frank case is as vivid a repetition of the Beilis case as anything could possible be.

From the masterly report in *Colliers Weekly* by Connolly and Mr. Berry Benson of Georgia, in the *Sunday Times,* no one can doubt that Frank is a victim of "politics, perjury and prejudice," and that if he is to die it will be not because of his guilt, but because of the fact that he is a Jew and that Jew baiting is beginning in the United States.

Everyone knew before this case, that with all the opportunities offered the Jews in America, he is hated and discriminated against as much as he is all over Europe. There are any number of hotels and summer places where the Jews are not admitted, equally so is professional opportunity closed to the Jews. Under the circumstances it requires but a spark to kindle American anti-semitism into a flame.

That this should come from the South is but natural, in as much as it is a hundred years behind the North and the latter is benighted enough. Besides, the South seems to be tired of "nigger" lynching; it needs a Jew for recreation.

The fact that Leo Frank was associated with employers of cheap labor ought not to blind the workers to the farcical procedure called justice, which has decreed that the man must die. We therefore hope that all liberal elements will unite in the demand that Frank be set free

and thereby nip in the bud the contemptible method of Jew baiting in America.

* * *

OF all the terrible features brought to light in the European War, there is one which no doubt will cause rejoicing in the camps of the various governments. It is the fact that the revolutionary movement of all shades has disclosed national and patriotic superstition and racial prejudice.

Before the war the Governments of Europe spent sleepless nights over the growth of Socialism, Syndicalism and Anarchism. Statesmen and Diplomats were busy devising ways and means to check the speed of the red spectre; to tear it out root and all through police persecution, the throttling of free expression through many years imprisonment and even death. In fact, no method was too vile, too cruel, too outrageous to make revolutionary activities impossible, because they realized in them the greatest danger to their political and economic regime. Particularly it was the International which to the privileged classes was a veritable thorn, cutting into their flesh. They did not dream in their wildest fancies that the International could ever be captured by artificially created race hatred; by the sham of political reform. Neither did they suspect that it would fall to the "charms" of national glory as represented by the glitter of a large army and the machinations of diplomacy. Aye, not only the privileged class and the military castes, but the workers themselves never dreamed that the International would ever fall into the snare of their enemies.

But the war sweeping everything into the sea of madness and confusion has also taken the bottom out of the International. The German party sent its emissaries to Italy to plead with the Italian Socialists in behalf of the allies. And the French Syndicalists sent Cornellisen to Holland to arouse the workers of that country against Germany, while English trade unionists joined their government as recruiting agents.

But the most terrible blow was rendered the International by Peter Kropotkin. His stand in the war expressed in his various articles and especially in a letter to James Guillaume, one of the pioneers of the International and co-worker of Bakunin, is the most painful

of all. Among other things, Kropotkin, the great Anarchist and revolutionist writes to Guillaume: "The only and most practical thing to do now is to pitch against the 425 millimeter cannons of the Germans, 500 millimeter cannons and with the combined efforts of young and old, men, women and children to drive the Germans from French and Belgian soil."

At the same time, Kropotkin's daughter, Sasha, knowing the weight her fathers illustrious name would carry, writes in English papers about Pan-Slavism with Russia at its helm, which she kindly terms "Brotherhood," while Pan-Germanism she decrys as Militarism and Conquest. We would like to believe that Peter Kropotkin, the Anarchist Communist, repudiates the vaporing of his daughter, but we fear that it is done with his knowledge and consent. In other words, Kropotkin's emotions for France lead him to sustain the schemes of Czarism. The same Czarism which has shed so much blood of the noblest and bravest Russian youth, among whom were many friends and Comrades of Peter Kropotkin.

These few examples may suffice to prove what heart breaking doubts, conflict and antagonism the war has created in all revolutionary ranks, thus marking for the moment at least, the bankruptcy of the International, the one great burning hope of the workers. This period will have to be overcome of course. Indeed, the psychologic moment was never so close at hand, calling upon those who have retained their mental balance and their spirit of solidarity to prove the living fibre of the International.

Let those who have been caught in the snare of politics and diplomacy, or in the whirl of the war contagion, go their way. We have work to do. The humblest soldier who now refuses military service or is guilty of insubordination—and there seem to be many such instances according to private reports—contributes more towards the resurrection of the international solidarity of the people than all the diplomats, the Kropotkins and the Jean Graves.

* * *

THE Presidents of Mexico come and go, provisional as well as elected. They are but the misinterpretors of reality, which means that the revolution will continue

until land and liberty has been restored to the people. Until they will have cleared the country from the privileged thieves. The revolutionists know full well that by a mere change of a regime of power and graft, nothing can be accomplished.

In the shadows of Carranza, Villa and Guiterez, stand Zapata and his active expropriators of the soil. No one need fear that they will tolerate the establishment of a government to maintain "Law and Order" for American speculators or one that will meet with the approval of our milk and honey President.

* * *

AFTER the mischief maker Nietzsche, the mischief maker Stirner! English newspapers discovered in Nietzsche's philosophy the cause of the war, and now somebody in this country suggests that Stirner's teachings may have helped to precipitate the war.

Yet both have brilliantly and passionately arraigned the State, the moneyed mob, the parasitic aristocracy and above all the cringing submissive canaille—all of whom are the real cause of war.

Nietzsche and Stirner were among the last to urge the people to the block like sheep at the behest of Czar, Kaiser, King or military cliques. The petty attempt to discover in the works of thinkers and writers the guilt of the war, is entirely too dilettante. In view of the fact that all so called civilized countries, or rather their governments have for decades been engaged in far reaching "scientific" preparations for this war, using the major part of the "national wealth" for military equipment and murderous machinery.

Everyone of intelligence in revolutionary circles knew that wars are but the inevitable consequence of statecraft, coupled with coercion and exploitation. The European conflagration has merely proven this truism anew. If some people and even old comrades have forgotten this fact and are now helplessly and hopelessly digging for the "real instigator" of the war, certainly Nietzsche and Stirner cannot be blamed for it.

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PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

IN response to the request of the Newspaper Enterprise Association for an article on how the American people can best help to restore "peace on earth and good will toward men," I sent the following:

To ask how we Americans can best help to restore "Peace on earth and good will towards men," is to assume that such a thing ever existed save in the ideal of Jesus and of those who were his immediate followers.

As a matter of fact it never has existed in any other way, nor was there an attempt even on the part of Christianity to make the ideal of its teacher a living force.

Truth is, the teacher himself was not quite clear as to the meaning of "Peace on earth and good will toward men," if we are to believe the data contained in the biblical records.

Jesus said, "Give unto the Lord what is the Lord's and to Caesar what is Caesar's." We are also informed that he said "The poor shall never cease out of the land," which is but a logical sequence of man's duty to the Lord and to Caesar.

Few sincere Christians, and they are very few, indeed, realize that if man must forever render unto the Lord and unto Caesar out of the products of his labor, "peace on earth and good will towards men" can never exist.

It does not matter whether the Lord be the relentless Jewish God or his more kindly son who came to redeem mankind: so long as the Lord may exact a toll from man, the two will be at war with each other. Hence neither peace nor good will can prevail.

Equally so it matters not whether Caesar be the ruler of Rome, the Czar upon the bloody throne of Russia, the German Kaiser obsessed by militarism, or the money interests of America—so long as they exact taxes from the sweat and blood of the people, neither peace nor good will is possible.

What then must we Americans do to be saved and help save others? We must transvalue our values; we must be brave enough to throw overboard the ballast of false

gods; we must realize that neither the Lord nor Caesar have any claim on what they have not themselves produced. We must get off our complacent, self-satisfied position of the "better than thou," and fact the truth that but for circumstances the best placed man and the most secured woman might be in the criminal dock or red light district.

Yes, circumstances represent the most cruel chariot wheel which gives special privileges to those who never work and yet monopolize the earth, while they deny common humanity to those who always work and are excluded from the table of life. Circumstances which decree that the masses shall live in squalor and drabness, while the few gorge themselves upon the blood of children, the youth of women, the integrity of men.

With such a Moloch ever present, insatiable in its voracity, there can be neither peace nor good will. We Americans who more than any other nation are in the thralls of that monster, are perhaps among the least of them who can bring about peace on earth and good will toward men.

And yet—and yet we of all nations ought to be in the lead. We who with Jefferson proclaimed that the best government is the one which governs least; who emphasized with Thoreau that the best government is the one which does not govern at all. We who pointed out with Emerson that character, as represented through men and women, and not through a listless, immobile majority driven hither and thither by unscrupulous politicians, is the basis of democracy. We, in short, who are not handicapped by the decadent, crumbling military dynasties, we ought to be in the lead.

The first step, then, to bring about peace on earth and good will toward men is to concede the superiority of the individual, as the unit of social life, to the organized force known as the State. Secondly, to emancipate the masses from economic and social slavery. In other words to teach man the value of himself and his right to take the things which he has produced. That alone will establish peace on earth and good will toward men.

OPINIONS AND LETTERS ON THE WAR

We rejoice that not all of Europe is war-drunk as our readers will see from the following article and letters:

ANARCHISTS HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR PRINCIPLES

AT the risk of passing as a simpleton, I confess that I would never have believed it possible that Socialists—even Social Democrats—would applaud and voluntarily take part, either on the side of the Germans or on that of the Allies, in a war like the one that is at present devastating Europe. But what is there to say when the same is done by Anarchists—not numerous, it is true, but having amongst them comrades whom we love and respect most?

It is said that the present situation shows the bankruptcy of "our formulas"—*i. e.*, of our principles—and that it will be necessary to revise them.

Generally speaking, every formula must be revised whenever it shows itself insufficient when coming into contact with facts; but it is not the case to-day, when the bankruptcy is not derived from the shortcomings of our formulas, but from the fact that these have been forgotten and betrayed.

Let us return to our principles.

I am not a "pacifist." I fight, as we all do, for the triumph of peace and of fraternity amongst all human beings; but I know that a desire not to fight can only be fulfilled when neither side wants to, and that so long as men will be found who want to violate the liberties of others, it is incumbent on these others to defend themselves if they do not wish to be eternally beaten; and I also know that to attack is often the best, or the only, effective means of defending one's self. Besides, I think that the oppressed are always in a state of legitimate self-defense, and have always the right to attack the oppressors. I admit, therefore, that there are wars that are necessary, holy wars: and these are wars of liberation, such as are generally "civil wars"—*i. e.*, revolutions.

But what has the present war in common with human emancipation, which is our cause?

To-day we hear Socialists speak, just like any bourgeois, of "France," of "Germany," and of other political and national agglomerations—results of historical struggles—as of homogeneous ethnographic units, each having its proper interests, aspirations, and mission, in opposition to the interests, aspirations, and mission of rival units. This may be true relatively, so long as the oppressed, and chiefly the workers, have no self-consciousness, fail to recognize the injustice of their inferior position, and make themselves the docile tools of the oppressors. There is, then, the dominating class only that counts; and this class, owing to its desire to conserve and to enlarge its power, even its prejudices and its own ideals, may find it convenient to excite racial ambitions and hatred, and send its nation, its flock, against "foreign" countries, with a view to releasing them from their present oppressors, and submitting them to its own political and economical domination.

But the mission of those who, like us, wish the end of all oppression and of all exploitation of man by man, is to awaken a consciousness of the antagonism of interests between dominators and dominated, between exploiters and workers, and to develop the class struggle inside each country, and the solidarity among all workers across the frontiers, as against any prejudice and any passion of either race or nationality.

And this we have always done. We have always preached that the workers of all countries are brothers, and that the enemy—the "foreigner"—is the exploiters, whether born near us or in a far-off country, whether speaking the same language or any other. We have always chosen our friends, our companions-in-arms, as well as our enemies, because of the ideas they profess and of the position they occupy in the social struggle, and never for reasons of race or nationality. We have always fought against patriotism, which is a survival of the past, and serves well the interests of the oppressors; and we were proud of being internationalists, not only in words, but by the deep feelings of our souls.

And now that the most atrocious consequences of capitalist and State domination should indicate, even to the blind, that we were in the right, most of the Socialists and many Anarchists in the belligerent countries associate

themselves with the Governments and the bourgeoisie of the respective countries, forgetting Socialism, the class struggle, international fraternity, and the rest.

What a downfall!

It is possible that present events may have shown that national feelings are more alive, while feelings of international brotherhood are less rooted, than we thought; but this should be one more reason for intensifying, not abandoning, our anti-patriotic propaganda. These events also show that in France, for example, the religious sentiment is stronger, and the priests have a greater influence than we imagined. Is this a reason for our conversion to Roman Catholicism?

I understand that circumstances may arise owing to which the help of all is necessary for the general well-being: such as an epidemic, an earthquake, an invasion of barbarians, who kill and destroy all that comes under their hands. In such a case the class struggle, the differences of social standing must be forgotten, and common cause must be made against the common danger; but on the condition that these differences are forgotten on both sides. If any one is in prison during an earthquake, and there is a danger of his being crushed to death, it is our duty to save everybody, even the gaolers—on condition that the gaolers begin by opening the prison doors. But if the gaolers take all precautions for the safe custody of the prisoners during and after the catastrophe, it is then the duty of the prisoners towards themselves as well as towards their comrades in captivity to leave the gaolers to their troubles, and profit by the occasion to save themselves.

If, when foreign soldiers invade the *sacred soil of the Fatherland*, the privileged class were to renounce their privileges, and would act so that the "Fatherland" really became the common property of all the inhabitants, it would then be right that all should fight against the invaders. But if kings wish to remain kings, and the landlords wish to take care of *their* lands and of *their* houses, and the merchants wish to take care of *their* goods, and even sell them at a higher price, then the workers, the Socialists and Anarchists, should leave them to their own devices, while being themselves on the look-out for an

opportunity to get rid of the oppressors inside the country, as well as of those coming from outside.

In all circumstances, it is the duty of the Socialists, and especially of the Anarchists, to do everything that can weaken the State and the capitalist class, and to take as the only guide to their conduct the interests of Socialism; or, if they are materially powerless to act efficaciously for their own cause, at least to refuse any voluntary help to the cause of the enemy, and stand aside to save at least their principles—which means to save the future.

All I have just said is theory, and perhaps it is accepted, in theory, by most of those who, in practice, do just the reverse. How, then, could it be applied to the present situation? What should we do, what should we wish, in the interests of our cause?

It is said, on this side of the Rhine, that the victory of the Allies would be the end of militarism, the triumph of civilization, international justice, etc. The same is said on the other side of the frontier about a German victory.

Personally, judging at their true value the "mad dog" of Berlin and the "old hangman" of Vienna, I have no greater confidence in the bloody Tsar, nor in the English diplomatists who oppress India, who betrayed Persia, who crushed the Boer Republics; nor in the French bourgeoisie, who massacred the natives of Morocco; nor in those of Belgium, who have allowed the Congo atrocities and have largely profited by them—and I only recall some of their misdeeds, taken at random, not to mention what all Governments and all capitalist classes do against the workers and the rebels in their own countries.

In my opinion, the victory of Germany would certainly mean the triumph of militarism and of reaction; but the triumph of the Allies would mean a Russo-English (*i. e.*, a knouto-capitalist) domination in Europe and in Asia, conscription and the development of the militarist spirit in England, and a Clerical and perhaps Monarchist reaction in France.

Besides, in my opinion, it is most probable that there will be no definite victory on either side. After a long war, an enormous loss of life and wealth, both sides being exhausted, some kind of peace will be patched up, leaving

all questions open, thus preparing for a new war more murderous than the present.

The only hope is revolution; and as I think that it is from vanquished Germany that in all probability, owing to the present state of things, the revolution would break out, it is for this reason—and for this reason only—that I wish the defeat of Germany.

I may, of course, be mistaken in appreciating the true position. But what seems to me elementary and fundamental for all Socialists (Anarchists, or others) is that it is necessary to keep outside every kind of compromise with the Governments and the governing classes, so as to be able to profit by any opportunity that may present itself, and, in any case, to be able to restart and continue our revolutionary preparations and propaganda.

E. MALATESTA.

* * *

In reply to Kropotkin's attitude to the war, Malatesta publishes the following letter in the last edition of *Freedom*:

ANTI-MILITARISM: WAS IT PROPERLY UNDERSTOOD?

DEAR COMRADE—Allow me to say a few words on Kropotkin's article on Anti-Militarism, published in your last issue. In my opinion, anti-militarism is the doctrine which affirms that the military service is an abominable and murderous trade, and that a man ought never to consent to take arms at the command of the masters, and never to fight except for the Social Revolution.

Is this to misunderstand anti-militarism?

Kropotkin seems to have forgotten the antagonism of the classes, the necessity of economic emancipation, and all the Anarchist teachings; and says that an anti-militarist ought always to be ready, in case a war breaks out, to take arms in support of "the country that will be invaded"; which, considering the impossibility, at least for the ordinary workman, of verifying in time who is the real aggressor, practically means that Kropotkin's "anti-militarist" ought always to obey the orders of his Government. What remains after that of anti-militarism, and, indeed, of Anarchism too?

As a matter of fact, Kropotkin renounces anti-mili-

tarism because he thinks that the national questions must be solved before the social question. For us, national rivalries and hatreds are among the best means the masters have for perpetuating the slavery of the workers, and we must oppose them with all our strength. And as to the right of the small nationalities to preserve, if they like, their language and their customs, that is simply a question of liberty, and will have a real and final solution only when, the States being destroyed, every human group, nay, every individual, will have the right to associate with, and separate from, every other group.

It is very painful for me to oppose an old and beloved friend like Kropotkin, who has done so much for the cause of Anarchism. But for the very reason that Kropotkin is so much esteemed and loved by us all, it is necessary to make known that we do not follow him in his utterances on the war.

I know that this attitude of Kropotkin is not quite new, and that for more than ten years he has been preaching against the "German danger"; and I confess that we were in the wrong in not giving importance to his Franco-Russian patriotism, and in not foreseeing where his anti-German prejudices would land him. It was because we understood that he meant to invite the French workers to answer to a possible German invasion by making a Social Revolution—that is, by taking possession of the French soil, and trying to induce the German workers to fraternize with them in the struggle against French and German oppressors. Certainly we would never have dreamt that Kropotkin could invite the workers to make common cause with Governments and masters.

I hope he will see his error, and be again on the side of the workers against all the Governments and all the bourgeois: German, English, French, Russian, Belgian, etc.

E. MALATESTA.

* * *

Orleans, France, November 8th.

DEAR COMRADE:

I read in *The Spur* your few lines to Guy Aldred. A large number of our comrades, especially the Individualist Anarchists, have withstood the jingo contagion.

Others have enlisted as volunteers, it is true, but they are a small minority. On the other hand, I am literally terrified by the ideas revealed by the communists and the syndicalists.

As an Individualist Anarchist, I am against war, ever and forever. First of all, because, in a country at war, what few liberties an individual possessed are taken from him. Everything under the arbitary control of the military administration; every plan of meeting, all literature, every newspaper, must pass the military censor. You no longer belong to yourself, neither your person nor your property. Not only this, but Nationalism and Clericalism develop into frightful proportions. Under the pretext of "unity," the advanced parties give up hard won liberties to the reactionaries, who always profit from times such as these. The military caste, and the clerical caste are the masters of the day. How much of our propaganda can we restore the moment war is over is what I ask? And what will the reactionaries not dare to do against us?

I know well enough that the problem is complex. The victory of "Kaiserism" will not profit our propaganda. But neither do I believe that French jingoism, English imperialism and Tzarism will be favorable for the spread of our ideas. It seems to me that, though I am not a Communist, Kropotkin, Malato, Cornelissen and others could have shown another point of view.

We live in sad days and the future does not appear very clear to me.

I have read with pleasure "The Social Significance of the Modern Drama." You know that "Chanticler" made rather (from a literary standpoint) an unfavorable impression on us.

Sincerely,

E. ARMAND.

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ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

AN APPEAL OF THE BUTTE MINERS

Butte, Mont., December 12, 1914.

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS—GREETINGS:

We beg leave to solicit the attention of your body on a very urgent matter in the interest of justice and *humanity*.

In regard to the Butte situation, as is generally the case wherever an uprising of the workers has taken place, much misunderstanding prevails among many of the labor organizations of this country, the truth regarding which only time can clear.

We take this opportunity of bringing before you some of the truths and facts regarding the local situation.

For many years the miners of this camp, representing the largest single group of workers on the Pacific slope, and upon whom rested the welfare of this community, have suffered every indignity at the hands of unscrupulous conflicting interests in this community.

During the Clark, Heinze and Amalgamated Copper war, many of our brothers were wilfully murdered underground.

Stopes, drifts and crosscuts were blasted, killing and injuring many men. Houses were filled with unslacked lime and a full head of compressed air turned on, and blown in on the miners in adjacent stopes; old refuse of all kinds saturated with chemicals was placed at the foot of raises and set on fire to smother and suffocate the miners in stopes at the head of the raises.

The miners protested from time to time, all to no avail.

No one was arrested, no one was prosecuted, no state militia was called in to stop the destruction of life and property. The conflict went on, the battle waxed hotter and hotter on the industrial and political field.

Stopes, drifts and crosscuts due to careless mining caved in from time to time, killing and injuring many of our brother workers, leaving widowed mothers and fatherless orphans to mourn their loss.

The honesty and integrity of Union, city, county and state officials was bought and sold on the open market like so much pork and beans.

With the influence of great wealth Union officials were corrupted by the companies, company stock was bought by Union officials in the wee small hours of the

morning for the influence it would have on the outside world.

The game worked. Hundreds of innocent victims were stripped in every part of the world, the coffers of the Amalgamated Companies swelled by many millions.

An impregnable ring within a ring of the most unscrupulous aggregation of pilferers that ever scuttled any ship of union, county and company official was built up, against which the miners of this camp directed every decent parliamentary and persuasive measure without result.

The mines went deeper, conditions grew worse, cost of living soared to aeroplane heights without any increase in pay to the miners, high tributes of from $5 to $7 per month were exacted without any protection from the organization to which the miners paid.

A day of reckoning had to come. That day came on the 13th day of June, 1914, Miners' Union Day.

Thousands of miners galling under the injustices of many years, in a spontaneous burst of social indignation revolted against the conditions under which they had been working for many years.

During the past few months many of our brother workers upon whose bowed and broken forms rested the burden of the copper industry of this camp and from whose gnarled and crippled hands has flowed hundreds of millions of wealth into the coffers of the moneyed hogs of New York, Boston and Paris, have been arrested and put in jail, and some have already been railroaded to the State Penitentiary, in connection with the occurrences of that memorable day.

The method employed to obtain this result is simply a repetition of what is taking place in other parts of the country wherever capital and labor has clashed.

Many of our brothers are being arrested on trivial, trumped up charges and taken to outside counties among those who are not familiar with all the various phases of the Butte situation, to railroad them to long terms in the penitentiary.

None of these brothers could possibly be held guilty of a crime in the general and strict understanding of that term. We define a criminal to be a moral pervert or anti-social being.

No single individual could be held a criminal in connection with the Butte situation. It is a result of social, industrial and economic conditions for which no single individual could be justly held responsible.

Brothers, the case before us is simply one where the dominant class, as has been their wont, is striking another blow at him who toils, and it is not at any particular individual, not any particular Union, that the present prosecution and persecution of our brothers is being directed, but against the working class in general that the attack is being made.

Our brothers are but victims of circumstances. Individuals of a large community, all of whom are equally responsible, if responsibility is to be placed, all of whom are equally guilty if there is any guilt, and it is wrong, unjust, an outrage that individuals should suffer for that, for which all are equally responsible.

Brothers, it is necessary if the working class is to progress up the ladder of freedom, to defend ourselves against any and all attacks from the enemy, and it is not for us to ask in a moment of distress of our brothers whether right or wrong, if they are being attacked, if their motives are honest, if they are sincere in their struggle to better their condition, it would be a breach of all morals and ethics of the working class not to protect them regardless of what our individual opinions or union affiliations may be.

Brothers, the miners during the life of this camp have contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars in helping to fight the battles of labor in this country.

We never before had occasion to call on our brother workers on the outside for aid. Our organization during the few months of its existence has been compelled to fight a great moral, industrial and legal battle. The drain upon its financial resources has been great. Our moneys are tied in the defunct Savings Bank of this city, which leaves us handicapped, and we take this means of asking you, our brothers, to give us all financial aid possible to defend our brothers in jail.

Brother workers, the needs of the moment are great. The time is very short in which to act, and we respectfully request that, in the interest of justice and humanity,

you give this urgent matter your immediate and earnest attention with as speedy a reply as possible. We beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
GEO. R. TOMPKINS,
JOS. SHANNON,
MIKE SULLIVAN,
WM. STODDARD,
Defense Committee.

P. S.—All funds and communications to be addressed to GEORGE R. TOMPKINS, 3618 North Wyoming Street, care Butte Mine Workers' Headquarters, Butte, Mont.

AN INOCENT ABROAD

IF I were in the least inclined to be superstitious, I would swear that the fates had decreed against my leaving New York. For the last eight years I have been trying to transfer my activities from Gotham to some other place—to make a change, to get away from New York and to stay away, for a while at least. Once or twice before I did start out, only to be forced to return again before the dust of the Bowery was fairly shaken off my feet. This year, however, I firmly determined to leave—at least for a few months' vacation, the first in eight years, or in twenty-two years, rather, unless the fourteen years in prison can be considered a vacation.

The 18th of May last—the eighth anniversary of my release from prison—was at last determined upon as the day of my departure. But lo! the unemployment movement came along, then the Colorado and Tarrytown agitation, the anti-militarist activities, etc., etc., and—I remained in New York.

Then the storm of man-slaughter swept Europe. It was no time for a vacation. I thought I might do some good by a lecture tour of an anti-militarist, Anarchist character. I decided on Pittsburgh as my first stop, to celebrate the completion of my twenty-two-year sentence.

I was to leave New York, Monday, November 9. Comrade M. E. Fitzgerald had gone ahead to arrange the

meetings; all other preparations were made, tickets bought, and this time, I felt, everything favored my leaving New York.

But man proposes, and the police dispose. The evening before the date set for my departure, some of my comrades arranged a little dinner party to bid me farewell. It took place in a Roumanian restaurant on the East Side, and was a most enjoyable affair. It was a party of about fifty, of our closest friends and most active workers, a splendidly congenial gathering that for the once forgot Tarrytown and patriotic mobs, forgot even the constitutional solemnity of the idealists, and refused to be serious.

Some of the party left about midnight. The rest, returning home an hour or so later, were interfered with by some police, on the pretext of "too much noise." One of the policemen began to abuse and ill-treat one of our girls, so much that she cried out in pain. We protested against the brutality, the whole company offering to come along to the station. When we reached the latter, we were all driven out except four—two men and two girls—who were kept as prisoners. I returned to the station to give to the arrested comrades some money. There was not the least attempt during all this time to arrest me, though I was in the station a good while, talking to the desk sergeant about the case. I was about to leave, when one of the prisoners said to me: "Comrade Berkman, give me your cigarettes." It was only then that the policemen realized my identity. One of them immediately turned toward me. "You, too, are under arrest." he declared. To my inquiry about the reason for the evident after-thought, he merely replied, "You'll find out later."

The hearing was set for the next day—when I was to leave for Pittsburgh—and I saw that once more my plans had gone awry. Magistrate Simms, who had sent so many unemployed to prison before, sentenced the four comrades to pay $10 fine each. Lillian and Helen Goldblatt refused, on principle to add to the police graft, as did also one of the male comrades, whose name I do not recall just now. They were sent to the workhouse for 10 days. Comrade Shatoff paid the fine: he could not afford to go to prison just then, he said, his presence

and work was urgently needed to issue the current number of *Golos Truda.*

During the hearing of the comrades charged with disorderly conduct, one of the policemen testified that "someone" had taken his club away during the fracas; another cop swore I had interfered during the arrests, causing him to lose temporarily one of his prisoners. It was pure fiction, of course, but Magistrate Simms used the opportunity to direct the officers to change the complaint against me from disorderly conduct to felonious assault. It was too plain that Simms was bitterly prejudiced. Therefore, when I was called up before him the next morning for a hearing, I waived examination and was held for the Grand Jury, in $1,000 bail, which was supplied by Mr. Ciofolo, the father of one of our Italian comrades.

I was almost despairing of being able to fill my lecture engagements in Pittsburgh. But waiving examination saved me from an immediate sentence, and thus enabled me finally to start on my tour, on November 10th.

And I *am* indeed glad I started! Too long in one place, at the same kind of work, has a tendency to stale one. Again, living many years in New York one is apt to regard the Metropolis as a criterion of the whole country, in point of general conditions and revolutionary activity —which is far from correct. Besides, it is enlightening to come in personal contact with things and people one has merely heard about.

I shall for the present reserve any expression of observation or opinion concerning general propaganda matters. Sufficient now to relate that my two meetings in Pittsburgh were well attended and encouraging as compared with those in Homestead, Wilkinsburg and New Kensington. In Homestead especially I found—as well as all through industrial Pennsylvania—that the workers are dispirited and suppressed to a most disheartening degree. In Homestead and the other factory districts the proletarians were actually afraid to come to my meetings because it is the common practice on the part of the masters there to have "spotters" at radical lectures. Fear of losing heir jobs kept even those away who had bought tickets in advance, to support my work. I have

been wondering what has become of the militant spirit of the steel workers of the Homestead of 1892.

In Cleveland I found just a lady's handful of comrades and a Russian revolutionary group of small numbers. In spite of low wages and much unemployment, no particular interest in radical ideas is manifest among the workers.

After Cleveland came Elyria. At the very last minute the Sons of the G. A. R., more patriotic in business than their fathers in the Civil War, deprived me of the already rented hall. Comrade E. E. Rimbach, of Elyria, and "Fitzie" were hard pressed, an hour before the lecture, to secure a new hall—a skating rink—provide it with lights and rent chairs from a near-by undertaker. We had the satisfaction, however, of holding the meeting, though both audience and speaker almost froze in the big, cold stable-like building.

As a result of this experience I was laid up with a bad cold in Detroit, where all my lectures had to be suspended.

Then came Chicago, with two well-attended meetings in Masonic Temple (arranged by Comrades Susanka, Goldman and Reitman during their stay here) and two poorly-attended lectures in New Kensington and Hod Carriers' Hall, managed by the International Propaganda Group and the Group Anarchy, respectively. Of these groups, and the interesting people I met on the road, more anon. Here I merely want to point out that lectures arranged by our groups are usually far less successful in point of attendance than those taken care of by one or two active and efficient individuals. Why, I wonder?

I am writing in the train, on the way to Minneapolis, where my lectures begin December 20th. Thence to St. Louis, for meetings during the first week of January (for information apply to Ben Capes, or to Minnie Fishman, 4151-A Laclade, where I am to be reached till January 9th).

I understand that the Grand Jury in New York adjourned till after the first week in January. Till then I am safe. For I am informed that I must return to New York to plead as soon as the Grand Jury finds a true bill

against me. Meanwhile I shall keep going. May the Grand Jury never live to reach my case!

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

December 18th.

* * *

NOTICE.—Comrade Alexander Berkman is now in St. Louis until January 10th. After that he will be in Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas City, Kansas, for a week and the latter part of January he will be in Denver. Mail will reach him care of Jake Fishman, 4151-A Laclade avenue, St. Louis.

PROPAGANDA IN JAIL

BY MILO H. WOOLMAN.

[This article was written by Comrade Woolman during his six months' incarceration on Blackwell's Island, following his entry into Rockefeller's church with Bouck White and his attempt to read inconvenient passages from the Bible.]

COMRADES, in and out; cheer up! Our day is coming and coming quickly. The signs of the times foretell a revolution at home while war struts abroad. This is the day and hour for action.

Get busy, never before have there opened up for us such fertile fields for propaganda. In the army and navy, with the newspapers portraying the barbarities of war. In the shops, with wages dropping and prices jumping. In the offices, and stores and banks, and Wall Street set a-thinking. In the Y. M. C. A.'s and churches, with Christians killing off Christians like cockroaches. On the cars, everywhere, with traveling dupes offering themselves up for gunpowder on the altar of patriotism. In jail, amongst outlawed men and women, disgruntled and chafing over their slavery.

Yes, this is propaganda's day. And daily offers us one of the finest and most productive fields ever known. Ask Alexander Berkman (with his 166 months' experience) if I am not right. Generally speaking, imprisoned men have plenty of time to talk, read and think. Especially to think. And so think under favorable conditions towards making them class-conscious rebels. The safe-blower, the highwayman, the pickpocket and the

jostler, need only a simple lesson in wage robbery, to realize that the *rich are nothing but protected robbers on a collective scale.* Then a couple of words about the government bank, run by money for money and with money against the people, and about industrialism's purpose to expropriate the means and materials of production and transportation, and presto, your thinking thief is aware of his class and awake to the trend of the world. Sometimes, these very same men can give the young revolutionist cards and spades and then show him a few tricks.* Professional panhandlers and their co-editors may believe in "following the flag," and confessing to priests, but their very condition makes them ripe for a socialistic explanation of affairs. The I. W. W. songbook and Kirkpatrick's "Mental Dynamite" are just what they need. The white-slaver, the automobile speeder and the "gorilla" are operating against their own class, however unthinkingly. It would not take much reading to change their attitude during their stay in jail.

It is quite easy indeed to open the eyes of the "wife-case" as to the pro-rich purpose and process of the law. For he has seen that neither he nor his wife are recognized nor benefited by the law. He has seen that the judge's decision tends to make a bum out of him, a prostitute out of her and paupers out of his children. To point out to him that thus the judge adds to his own stock in trade, is sufficient. For it immediately dawns upon him that, as a workingman, minding his family, he had no use for the judge, nor the judge for his family and him. But just as soon as his wife lent a listening ear to a meddlesome gossip and appealed to a judge to straighten out her house affairs, just so soon was her home and his broken up, smashed and made to disappear—he sent to the workhouse for a six-months' course in crime, and she, a mother, thrown out onto the street to sell her body to support her little ones. Why? Because she has been deliberately robbed of her support by the judge; and because the Department of Charities, upon which she has been taught to depend, turns her a deaf ear. Six months the "wife-case" has in which to

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* See page 198 in Berkman's "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist" which book, by the way, ranks non plus ultra for propaganda work.

cogitate over this richman's injustice handed him and his wife and his children. Make one of these unfortunates a class-conscious rebel and you have done quite a good day's job towards ushering in *Ergasiacracy*: the might of work, labor's kingdom.

As to methods of doing propaganda work, consider the following:

1. The mere presence of a *known* Socialist, Anarchist, atheist or I. W. W. in jail, is very effective. He is made the butt of criticism and discussion and must defend himself.

2. The daily receipt of mail (letters or newspapers) by a propagandist, makes him a respected man—and intellectually, a man—a "scientific" man, and is accredited with friends on the outside (a great card in jail).

3. Conversation on the topics of the day only needs a good guider to bring out a cosmopolitan international spirit, even a communistic spirit, especially as jails are international and communistic. Italians, Greeks, Germans, Egyptians, Japs and Jews are mixed up with the English, Irish and Americans. All wear the same stripes. All eat the same short rations. All chafe at the graft indulged in by the prison authorities at their expense. All are forced to live more intimately than man and wife—and I leave it to the married man to explain my meaning. The daily necessities of life are performed in a most abominable and sickening manner. This alone makes a man a hater of the persons who put him in jail. And it only takes a few words to convince almost any man that the judge was merely operating in behalf of the propertied class in sending him to such a house of corruption for "correction."

Communistic suppers in the cells or dormitories—two or three hours after the 4 o'clock rations of punk and bootleg—help to bring the occupants of the cell into a friendly, co-operative, solidaristic spirit. Then a word here and there thrown in about the poor laborer creating the wealth of the world and the rich possessing it, and immediately a class-conscious reasoning starts up. The rich are criticized for riding around in automobiles and yachts and aeroplanes while the poor are allowed to rot in the slums and jails.

From the above, it will be seen that the revolutionist has a distinct function to perform inside prison bars. And I trust that the rebels on the outside will not fear to volunteer. It goes without saying, of course, that the English-speaking rebel has a much better opportunity to make himself felt than the man unable to explain himself clearly. In my own case, I have found that the dips are so astonished at the facts and proud of them, that I am a rebel and so able to explain myself, that they want me to prove my citizenship to the rest of the inmates.

4. If the agnostics would club together and send in little tracts such as "Gods" by Ingersoll, "Crimes of Preachers," "Creed of Christ," "Maria Monk," "Why Priests Should Wed," etc., and see that some two dozen six-months' men in different cells received a copy of "The Truth Seeker."

If the Anarchists would do the same with their literature and see that the inmates are gradually educated up, first on such tracts as "Softening the Heart of a Convict," "Crimes Against Criminals," etc., and then "Love and Marriage," "Political Evolution," "Patriotism," "Minister's Hobby," "God and the State," and see that some selected man get MOTHER EARTH regularly.

If the I. W. W.'s would do likewise with the Song Book, and pamphlets and papers.

If the Social Revolutionists would do the same with the song book, and with "The Masses."

Songs and recitations command attention where an article will not. They also arouse the sympathies of one's cell-mates as no logic or comment on an outrage can do. A good way to smuggle them in is to write them out, making them part of a letter.

If the Socialists themselves would come forward with "The Call," which, being received by the men on the day that it is dated, would make it a most popular paper amongst the prisoners of the institution; if, I say, the others on the outside would get together and do something along this line of action, then indeed would real propaganda work be done.

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TWO MONTHS AND AFTER

WHEN I returned to New York City, early in September, after five months continuous touring and talking, it was in the hope that I would be able to snatch a few weeks' respite. But the gods themselves have long ere this decreed that there must be no rest for the wicked.

So many problems were grinning at me on my arrival, not the least of them the urgent necessity of reorganizing the office of MOTHER EARTH and the disposal of a white elephant in the form of a large house, all of which consumed five weeks, leaving me a ridiculously short time to prepare eight propaganda and nine drama lectures for a month's work in Chicago.

Nothing but recklessness sprinkled not with holy incense, but with a large portion of brazenness, could have done the trick. But it was a hard grind just the same. Lecturing every evening, reading plays until four in the morning, compiling dramatic material during the afternoon, dictating letters and seeing people in between. How does that strike our readers for speed?

As to the results? They were discussed by Margaret C. Anderson in her report of my Chicago visit. Being a brilliant writer and a sincere critic, the editor of the *Little Review* has pointed out the defects in my drama lectures. But what she omitted is the fact that no one can work under high speed and give the best of himself. And the deeper reasons which perhaps she did not and could not know were these: In the face of the World Drama played in the trenches of Europe one could not speak "inspiredly" of the social dramas I had chosen for the Fine Arts meetings. It is precisely for this reason that the War lectures, the *Press Club* meeting and the 11th of November anniversary appealed to my friend so much more.

But which ever the impression my work in Chicago may have left behind, it was the most significant event to me. It enabled me to return to the memory of my Comrades Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Fischer and Engel, what their heroic death has done for me. It gave me the glorious opportunity to vindicate their ideal before people, who partly out of ignorance and mainly out of

complacency had never before heard of our Chicago Martyrs except through the mouth of the press that had been a party to the black deed of the 11th of November, 1887. To be able to throw the guilt of the crime into the very throat of some of the members of the same press was worth all that the struggle of 24 years had entailed.

There was yet another gratifying feature. Though I owed the Fine Arts meetings to backing, I was in no way curtailed. Nor was I deceived as to the tendencies of those who did the backing. No secret was made of the fact that E. G. and not Anarchism was being offered the chance to be heard. Perhaps the good people did not know that E. G. and Anarchism can no more be separated than her heart from her lungs. In any event they know it now and while they may never again be as generous, at least they will not be able to say that E. G. modifies her ideas to suit a particular occasion.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize that the mere security of Halls would not have brought the Chicago results. It was hard incessant devotion and labor. The credit for both is due primarily to Ben Reitman. Without him the attendance and interest would not have been so large. But there were others, faithful ones. Bert Susanga, the *Little Review*, friends and many comrades whose names I do not now recall but whose help I appreciate more than words can express. I cannot close the Chicago account without mention of the Yiddish lectures. We had eight in all. With the exception of one, they were splendidly attended and the spirit was great It is such joy to speak before people who come to learn and not to be entertained. If ever I should make a long stay in Chicago, the West Side audiences shall be my life giving force.

After Chicago, Detroit looked a bit small. Still the meetings were fine, especially the first in the Social Turner Hall on the War. Perhaps it was due to it being free, the audience was large and very enthusiastic. Above all did it manifest great interest in our literature. I believe that one meeting brought the biggest returns for our books on this trip. Two other English meetings and two Jewish lectures together with two meetings in Ann Arbor, comprised our visit to Detroit.

Most of the work was done by Yetta Bienenfeld, much

more could have been accomplished but for the fact that some of our comrades out of personal foolishness would not help. I am glad to say that they have realized their mistake and co-operated in their efforts for Comrade Berkman. We have splendid boys in Detroit, Ben Gordon and several others who have always been helpful. The idea was to have free meetings but it had to be abandoned, since not enough could be raised to cover the Hall and printing, although one friend alone gave $20. The Comrades everywhere are learning that without an organization or large individual backing, free meetings are impossible.

Grand Rapids, Mich., marks the most exciting and interesting experience of our trip. Two meetings on Thanksgiving Day were arranged by the *Analyser Club*, financially looked after by one man. The work was done by our faithful ex-soldier man Wm. Bulwaldo and Bergman. The afternoon lecture was on "The War and Our Lord." A body of Catholic students who evidently had come to cause disturbance nearly broke up our meeting because I offended their Lord. One chap was very much incensed because E. G. sold such "Vile" literature as Ibsen, Strindberg and Sudermann's works. However, all went off quietly at the end. The evening meeting lacked the presence of the Catholic rowdies, perhaps because they had failed in their aim in the afternoon.

St. Louis gave us much joy because of the group of splendid Comrades, Minnie and Jack Fishman, Celia Loersohn and her sweetheart "Blue," Ada Capes and several of her sisters, Kabcinell and others. Nowheres is there such harmony, such splendid co-operation, such comradeship. Minnie Fishman who is among the most efficient women workers in the Anarchist movement acted as a chief cook and bottle washer, but the others were no less active. We had large attendance. As in Detroit, the free meeting idea had to be abandoned, although much more had been collected in St. Louis. It is simply out of the question to meet rent, printing, traveling, the high cost of living and still hope for a margin for MOTHER EARTH which is after all the *raison de etre* of our work. I am glad though the comrades have had their experience and will be able to judge in the future.

Altogether we had eight English and two Yiddish

meetings. The latter for some reason are never worth while in St. Louis. But the English were gratifying, especially the one on War and The Sacred Right of Property. The Sham of Culture, The Misconceptions of Free Love and The Psychology of Anarchism. But mainly did we enjoy the companionship and solidarity of our comrades including the Kiddies whom it was my joy to entertain at a children's party.

Indianapolis, one of the most benighted towns in America was both interesting and funny. The comic part was contributed by the ultra respectable section of the City, because one of their set, Harriet Dean, had arranged the meeting.

Harriet Dean is of the *Little Review* group, the most refreshing type of young intellectual Americans I have met. Energetic, breezy and unconventional, she gave her family the first shock when she refused to return to Vassar and instead affiliated herself with Margaret Anderson and the *Little Review*. The family was just about getting over their daughter's insubordination when along came the second blow. Harriet sponsoring E. G., arranging her meetings and racing around town inducing the respectables to attend. Even that might have been passed over. But the dynamite explosion capped the climax. But E. G. will speak on Free Love. The family was in an uproar. Mother, brother, aunts and what not stormed, threatened, begged. But Harriet would not be daunted. In the end the offer was made to pay for the printing if only the terrible subject would be changed. We said "no compromise." The evening finally arrived. Everybody was there thinking he or she would find no one else. But as one of the papers said, "Everybody met everybody," it was a regular social reunion. Persistency won the fight and respectability looked foolish.

The interesting part however and the most significant to the earnest rebel is the awakening of young intellectual Americans, among whom are Harriet Dean and Margaret C. Anderson. Russia and America are far removed in racial, national and political environment, and yet we already see history repeating itself. Just as in Russia the "Intelligence" foreswore station, position and respectability to plead the cause of rebellion, so in America there is a growing young Intelligence. It has

not yet found itself, but it is groping, it is breaking through the limited confines of home, college, social functions. It is reaching out towards a new goal, a new ideal, and new values, by no means confined merely to the esthetic strivings. That to me is the most hopeful sign in America and the most worth while about my visit to Indianapolis, aside, of course, of the pleasure of meeting old friends Estelle King, Belle Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. William Hapgood, our Comrades Tom Snyder and Lovder who have all helped to make the meetings possible.

Cincinnati, now has a few active young Comrades who are eager to do good work but as my time was taken up elsewhere only a Yiddish meeting well attended was arranged. I came and slipped out without the knowledge of the police and the reporters. I hope they have not been too disgusted.

Cleveland is our old standby. This time it was made doubly so by the splendid efforts of comrade Fred Schaefer and Jack Meyer, our devoted friends, Nettie and Horace Carr did the preliminaries in getting the Hall and printing. We had two well attended English and two Jewish meetings. Besides the address before *The Council of Economics* I am indebted for that opportunity to my friend Horace Carr. I am not optimistic enough to believe I have revolutionized the organization, but I know the ice is broken which seems to be the task ordained for me by "Providence."

Pittsburgh was worth while primarily because of a few new comrades, Jacob Margolis and the Loan Brothers. The three together with Ben Reitman worked like beavers and though the meetings were not really bad, the returns were not quite commensurate with the love and labor spent. Jacob Margolis is a most convincing proof against the superstition, that, man, try as he may, can never overcome conditions. He is a lawyer and has his office in the Frick Building. He has everything to lose by his open, frank and courageous stand for his ideas. On the other hand, he has a successful career to gain, were he to keep quiet. Jacob Margolis is a brilliant speaker, well informed and of a tremendously striking appearance. His future in the conventional World would be assured. But Jacob Margolis has ideas. He wants

the World to know them, and he defies conditions as all must do whose ideal is stronger than all else. What is more, he is liked and respected just because he is brave and determined. Altogether it was a great treat to meet him and the Loan Comrades an inspiration and a new hope for the future.

Rochester, N. Y., is my "home town" by choice. It is the first American City I came to when I landed thirty years ago. It was the first place where I tasted the sweating shops at the lucrative wage of $2.50 per week. It was the first town where I received my baptism of Anarchism through the death of the Chicago Anarchists. Owing to the old truism that the prophet never counts for anything at home, I never succeeded in Rochester, either in securing a decent Hall or in attracting an audience. But the miracle has happened at last, thanks to the efforts of two people, although several comrades helped faithfully in the end.

Miss Miriam Cominsky, my niece, secured the Victoria Theatre and Comrade Dashuta, though earning but $15.00 per week paid the rent of $40.00, so eager was he to have a real meeting for once in Rochester, and we did. Eighteen hundred people crowded into the Victoria on a Sunday afternoon. The meeting was free, of course. I spoke on the war and the enthusiasm was great. The collection of $44 paid for the rent.

The Tuesday following, I spoke on the Birth Strike at the Rochester Labor Lyceum, before a deeply interested and tensely appreciative crowd. A phenomenal amount of literature was sold and a large number of people subscribed to MOTHER EARTH. The Rochester visit was indeed a great event, made possible by less than a half a dozen people, which again proves what really can be done everywhere with earnest eager workers to undertake the task.

My great joy aside of our wonderful success was the concert of David Hochstein, a young Rochester violinist who has just returned from Europe. Equipped neither with funds nor an American reputation, David Hochstein will have to be judged on his own merits which may not mean easy sailing but is bound to make of him the coming great native artist. Our N. Y. readers will be glad to know that the young virtuoso is giving a joint

recital at Aeolian Hall, Friday, Jan. 15th, 8 P. M. I urge you all to hear him if you long for an artistic treat.

The last two months have passed with tremendous rapidity and yet they have left so many vivid impressions. So many new friends and comrades to cherish, so many possibilities to realize. But above all this tour has again proven only with greater force how invaluable is the organizing and managing force behind my co-worker Ben Reitman.

Now as to the after. I am back to my old sweetheart New York City for hard work. With Comrade Berkman on tour, I have taken charge of MOTHER EARTH, the magazine as well as the office. I will open a series of Sunday afternoon lectures in Yiddish at 206 East Broadway. Sunday evening at Harlem Masonic Temple, 310 Lenox Avenue.

I am also open for dates within reasonable distance from New York City. Some have already been taken, I would therefore like to hear from our friends at once. I am preparing a Red Revel for the MOTHER EARTH BALL for the 20th of February. Am contemplating a big celebration for our special 10th Birthday edition.

With the War of Europe having swept most of revolutionary thought into the sea of confusion, we of MOTHER EARTH have much to do Therefore to work! To work!

EMMA GOLDMAN.

TO THE READERS

The third installment of Kropotkin's pamphlet on "War and Capitalism" will appear in next issue.

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

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Red will predominate in costume or any other form.

Admission 25 cents—Hatcheck 15 cents.

Tickets on sale at the MOTHER EARTH office, 20 East 125th St.

FUNDS COLLECTED.

For the "Arbeiter Freund" of London: Emma Goldman's Jewish meetings, Chicago, $28.55, sent direct to London by the Comrades. St. Louis, $8.00; Cincinati, $7.79; Cleveland, $9.86; Pittsburgh, $10.76; the balance to make up $37.00 was added and forwarded to the "Arbeiter Freund."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO FREE MEETINGS.

Detroit.

L. S., $20; H. M., $5; John R. Carr, $2.50; J. C. Beutler, $2; Franklyn S. McKenney, $3; Roy Poole, $3.00. Expenses about $79.00.

St. Louis.

Hy. Priesmeyer, Capes & Falkenburg, $10 each; Fishman, $7.50; A. Dolin, Bluestone, Kabcinell, Roger Baldwin and Henry Rubin, $5.00 each; Alex Nelson and Danerheim, $2.00 each; Ben Cornblest, Rutstien, Brownstein, Scoll, Max Cohen, Bazora, Harry Schorr, Thos. C. Dix, $1.00 each; Sam Cohen, Sympathizer, 50 cents each. Expenses for Free meetings were $49.74 and balance was turned over as a contribution to MOTHER EARTH.

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